

CHILD COMFORTERS.

Who has not, when the skies seemed gray,
And not a sunbeam blessed the day,
Been cheered by accents soft and mild—
The sweet endearments of a child?

Oh! when the merry eyes look up,
And small hands spill our bitter cup,
How glad we are the draught to miss,
And seal the bargain with a kiss!

Dear, earnest eyes of black or blue,
Of gray or hazel, ever true—
Bright stars of love—clear wells of truth,
That sparkle with the wine of youth.

And childhood's lips without a stain,
Like balmy roses after rain—
They greet us, sweet and undefiled—
The tender kisses of a child!

And who loves not as he may pass,
To smooth the locks of lad or lass,
And catch the bright mischievous glance
That lights the youthful countenance!

Oh! little arms that clasp us tight,
And dimpled fingers fair and white,
How fond we are of your embraces,
Your winsome arts and tender graces.

Let us when trials come apace,
And ills we scarcely dare to face,
When life seems but one tangled wild,
Learn wisdom from a little child.

SHADOWS OF TRUTH.

BY R. F. MALLOTT.

Wander with me into the fields of creation, and join me in reading and storing the great lessons of Deity as found in every turn we make. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge," was uttered by the Psalmist after having surveyed the earth and the firmament in all their glory. He could see the handiwork of Jehovah everywhere. In the light and in the darkness; in the land and on the sea; in the vales and in the brooks. Thus could he be brought by reading God in the book of nature to the threshold of Paradise. The divine Teacher desired us to realize his omnipresence when he said: "Consider the lilies."

We will start upon our rambles in the early summer's morn. Darkness is retreating over the Western hills and as we see it rapidly superseded by light, we marvel that Providence would envelop the beauties of creation in gross darkness; but then we think of our frailty, and remembering that with the Creator "the night shineth as the day," and "that darkness and light are both alike to him," we see the wisdom of it—to give rest to his creatures and to manifest his glory in the firmament—studying it with the bright, innumerable stars, an emblem of the righteous.

We dismiss the thoughts that this change suggested, and eventually come to a small forest, clothed in the beautiful foliage of the season. Hark! Music salutes the ear! It is the song of birds. All is life and happiness. We again are reminded of the significant words of Jesus: "Consider the fowls of the air." They are warbling sweet songs of praise to the Creator. They seem to appreciate the light of day, and remember with gratefulness their preservation whilst the curtain of darkness had been drawn over them. Where are we, the sublimest species of creation? Have we given to the bird this example? If not, be sure to let it be a lesson of instruction, and henceforth may our motto be to "dedicate the first fruits of the day" unto God.

We pass on to the field of the ox, and remembering that "the cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's," we pause for a moment seeking a prototype for an ungrateful human. Here is the ox, but before lying down and rising up he even bends the knee. Oh! blush for very shame, unthinking man.

We continue our search for a representation among the lower order of creation, but in vain: at last just as we think of retracing our steps we see the repulsive looking object of our search: a huge serpent. It feeds upon the very dust of earth, and crawls out and enjoys sunshine, yet never rises above its board. Unthankful man would you have it for a companion in practice?

We now turn our course homeward, by a circuitous route. Crossing a brook we think of the text: "There is a river the stream whereof maketh glad the city of our God." We gaze into its placid waters and our person is reflected. We discover that in our rambles through forest and field, to the abode of the serpent, our face has become soiled, and in general appearance we are much changed since first we started to view creation. As we beheld this fact the smiling waters bid us "wash and be clean." Then we saw typified that "Fountain of water and blood ever flowing for you and for me."

Eventually we came to another beautiful forest, and could not help thinking as we beheld its curtains of great foliage painted with vernal green, interspersed with wild yellow blossoms, what a fit emblem of life. But as we chanced to look beneath the stately forest, a sad sight presented itself. Strawn upon the earth lay withered leaves and branches—evidence of past storms and hurricanes. We

called to mind the language of the good old Prophet: "We do all fade as a leaf." Our hearts felt sad when we arrayed in long review the scenes of the past, proving the truthfulness of this lesson. The storms of disease are beating amid the forests of humanity. The foliage of health is blasted. We fall and fade away as these untimely leaves, scattered ever and anon beneath the living, leaving the forest with the lesson of mortality indelibly stamped upon memory's tablet. We saw a dark cloud arise in the western sky. It continued to thicken until it burst asunder with tears of mercy and watered the parched earth. Soon we saw as it marched eastward the "bow of promise," painted with seven of heaven's rich colors. This brought us to meditate upon the promises of God, and among other cherished ones we called to mind the words of Jesus: "As I live ye shall live also." This removed in a measure our sadness experienced in the forest. We proceeded to array before us the fallen friends, and oh, what happiness it brought! We could learn a lesson in that bow. We did not need it whilst the sun was shining, but when threatening clouds were menacing us in and storms spending their fury it over-arches our pathway and says: "I will never leave nor forsake thee." Again in time of sunshine its beautiful hues would not be seen as when it covers a dark cloud. So in concluding our rambles we profited in this that over the clouds of trouble and storms of life is the words of Christ: "Lo I am with you to the end of the world."

Do you regret the tour, dear reader?
North Liberty, Ohio.

AN EDUCATED OR AN IGNORANT MINISTRY: WHICH?

BY E. A. ORR.

PART II.

The reader will remember I said in my former article on this topic, that there is not even a plausible objection to "an educated ministry." Now in this article I intend to show the truth of that assertion. The arguments brought forth in support of any question have with us different degrees of weight. Not that there is any real difference; but that they are stronger or weaker to us as we understand them. To the philosopher the philosophical argument is the strongest; to the historian, the historical; and to the theologian, the theological. One good argument of whatever class is sufficient to prove any proposition; for to be good both the major and the minor premise must be true, and the conclusion as necessarily follows as that water flows down hill. Hence, it will be readily seen that all I have to do is to show the falseness of the strongest objection made against "an educated ministry." It may here be said that an objection is not an argument. All I have to say in reply is, an objection that is not an argument is no objection and is not worth repeating. Permit me to say that all the objections I have ever heard, to "an educated ministry" fall into this category. The chief objection is that education fosters pride and tends to lead us from the simplicity of the gospel; in other words, it gives us "the big head." Now, do the facts in human experience support such a theory? Has not this reasoning been a little one-sided and dogmatic? Have they not, while examining the facts, been influenced too much by the love of their theory? Had they proceeded inductively and based their theory upon an examination of all the facts would they have formed such a conclusion?

Theories may be true or false, and they possess different degrees of usefulness. That is the truest and most useful theory that explains the greatest number of facts. The question to be settled is, not that some educated people are proud, neither that some educated men will not bow in subjection to the will of God, but that all educated people are proud—too proud to follow the humble Nazarine. Have those who are opposed to "an educated ministry" made a sufficient induction to settle that? If education ever made one man vain every educated man must necessarily be vain. More, if a single educated man can be found who is meek and humble enough to follow the Master's footsteps, our opponent's theory must fail. Do not the annals of the world furnish thousands? Haven't we them in the church to-day? Haven't we educated brethren who are models of meekness?

Like causes produce like effects. We find educated meek men, and educated vain men. Can education be the cause directly or remotely of results so different, of results so entirely opposite? Impossible. So far the proof has been direct; but there is another method, not so direct yet equally fatal to the objection. It is this: does un-education or ignorance make people humble? Now, if it could be shown that no un-educated person was ever proud, vain, boastful, there may be some reason for the objection. Can it be

shown? Or I will be more moderate even than this. I will allow that they have a show of reason if they can prove that the ratio of humility is greater among uneducated than among educated people. Will they, can they do it? To settle the matter let them take one hundred men of each class, just as they come, and see which class will have the greater number of conceited braggarts; and I will venture what little reputation I have, that the un-educated class will carry off the palm. The motto for the minister must be "Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Now, just how it comes about that ignorance is so commendable in the pulpit, and so condemnable everywhere else, I am not able to understand. When such people want a carpenter, a mason, a physician, a teacher, the first thing they want to know is, does he understand his business? or, in other words, has he been educated in his particular profession? How does it happen that education, such a good thing everywhere else, becomes such a bad thing in the pulpit; or that un-education, so bad everywhere else, becomes too good in the pulpit? Will some of the wise (?) uneducated rise and explain? I did not propose in these articles to tell the cause of the pride in the church or in the ministry. I only undertook to show that it is not the result of high schooled education, as some think. Whether I have carried my point or not you are the judges. If I have, the chief objection to "an educated ministry" is "wounded unto death"; and with it all minor objections fall. Thus a "middle wall of partition between us" is razed to the ground; and do brethren, for heaven's sake! let it moulder there. Henceforth let us all try to educate ourselves better, or to put it in Paul's language, let us "be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Mount Morris, Ill.

A Cheerful Spirit.

The man or woman who always reveals a cheerful spirit, will succeed in life. The pleasant face will carry its possessor safely through life in spite of every opposing power. Smiles will banish the darkness that gathers about every life-path, and the sunlight will fall upon life's pathway, wherever a cheerful spirit exists. The sunbeams will melt the iceberg and dispel the darkest night that ever brooded over the world, and so a sunny spirit will scatter the coldness and darkness of humanity, and bring brightness and blessings to those about it.

If there is anything repulsive about a human being, it is a fretful spirit and a face. If there is anything utterly and disgustingly, it is the sour visage. Cannot smile or wear a cheerful look continually broadens over his misfortune, so keeps on the shadowy side of existence. Good sunshine is nothing to him; but the sunlight of heaven is to him as a noxious nettle weed under the slimy rock or dense shrubbery, and selfish spirit is as near a weed as it can be, or like any grows in gloom and darkness.

A cheerful spirit is one of the gifts ever bestowed upon human beings. It is the sweetest and most fragrant flower of the Spirit—that constantly sends out its beauty and fragrance, and blesses every thing within its reach. It will sustain the soul in the darkest and most dreary places of this world. It will hold in check the demon of despair, and stifle the power of discouragement and hopelessness. It is the brightest star that casts its radiance over the darkened soul, and one that seldom sets in the gloom of morbid fancies and foreboding imaginations.

Cultivate, then, a cheerful spirit, and cherish it as something sacred. Obey the command, "rejoice ever more," and its light and blessedness will ever fall upon thy pathway.

Time.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—Hannah Moore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is reported as saying "that bad air, bad whisky, and irregular habits keep the doctors alive." He must have meant when taken by other people.

And whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.

You can't judge the inside by the outside. As with a watch so with a man—good works may be hidden in a very common case.

The world would be much better off if the pains taken to analyze the subtlest moral laws were given to the practice of the simplest.

REMARKABLE REVIVALS.

Within the last few weeks there have been in progress a series of revivals in the eastern portion of Rockingham county, that have aroused the deepest religious feeling known almost in the history of the county, the peculiar circumstances surrounding the work, the character of the doctrine taught, along with the powers of the preacher have contributed to the awakening of this unusual interest. Not only young people but the gray headed and "hardened in sin," cold christians, and backsliders are alike wrought upon and aroused. Card playing, for the time, has ceased, and many decks of fancy pasteboard have been torn up and thrown into the fire, and their possessors vowed to turn their backs upon it "henceforth and forever." Ardent lovers of the dance have given up the "light fantastic" for the service of the sanctuary; and all denominations are more or less worked up to a high tension, some one way and some another. Hearing of the remarkable features of the meetings being held, your correspondent picked his way through almost impassable roads, to the sanctuary to find a house packed to overflowing and many hugging the windows from the outside eager to catch the faintest words falling from the lips of the young divine. After the singing of a familiar hymn, and the offering up of a simple, but earnest, prayer, the preacher arose, and taking his text, without circumlocution entered at once into the body of his discourse. There was not the least false move, nor disorderly act among the people. From twelve years old up to seventy there was the most intense individual interest. People appeared to have come to hear, and listened as if life depended upon grasping every word, old men wept like children, and when the "invitation" was given a number walked forward and gave the minister their hand, thus signifying their intention of joining the body of Christ.

Prof. S. H. Bashor, the central figure of this work, is a young man, not over thirty years of age. Is a graduate of the National School of Oratory of Philadelphia. He is said to have been left an orphan at the age of thirteen, without money or friends, worked his way up solidly by his own efforts, joined the German Baptist or Tunkard church, where, at the age of 22 he was ordained to the ministry. During his ministerial connection of five years with that church, it is said he was the means of the conversion of upwards of four thousand people, more than any one of its clergy living or dead.

There had been for a few years a gradually growing sentiment in the church favoring a reform of old methods. This finally resulted in a division, and with others, Mr. Bashor fell in with the reform, or progressive party, and was finally expelled by the national conference. He preaches faith and repentance, as re-quisites to baptism, advocates trine immersion, feet-washing, an evening meal as the Lord's Supper, the Sacrament—cup and loaf and the "holy kiss" as church ordinances. He is liberal toward other churches, and while teaching these externals as instruments of worship, he recognizes character as the essential of the christian life. His preaching is in favor of "modesty" in dress, but against the wearing of any peculiar cut of apparel as a mode of christian adorning. Is in favor of Sunday schools, prayer meetings, Bible classes, education, and all the instruments of an advanced civilization. He does not seek to proselyte from any church, but accepts members from other denominations when they come. Those who have been baptized by trine immersion he does not rebaptize.

In the neighborhood of Scott's Ford over thirty joined, and up to this date nearly that many at Good's Mill. The Tunker brethren are tremendously aroused, and refuse their members the privilege of attending these meetings. A few step over the traces, and when one does go he almost invariably becomes the preacher's friend. Other denominations are a little "shaky", and are putting out a counter-influence, but Mr. Bashor mildly says, "Brethren, let your preachers, who are working more for the life of a sect than for the conversion of souls to Christ and the whole Gospel, come out and fight a square battle. It is dishonorable to be a bushwacker." His liberality toward all "who love Christ" carries public sentiment in his favor, and our comment on leaving him was, "Mr. Bashor must be heard to be understood." You hear him, understand him, go away, and cannot explain his singular oratorical and magnetic powers. You will remember the sermon and the service as the soft rays of a gentle sunshine. He is doing much good in the way of arousing men and causing them to read the Bible, as well as conversions to his church.

M. W. D.

Good's Mill, Va., March 8, 1884.

The People.

Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.